

ONE OF OUR WELL-KNOWN WRITERS. PORTRAIT and SKETCH.

NATIVE WORKERS.

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

Faith and Works Win —

VOL. XXIII.

JULY, 1900.

No. 7.

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FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

VOL. XXIII.

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The restless millions wait
That light, whose dawning maketh all things new;
Christ also waits, but men are slow and late.
Have we done what we could? Have I? Have you?
A cloud of witnesses above encompass us;
We love to think of all they see and know;
But what of this great multitude in peril,
Who sadly wait below?
O let this thrilling vision daily move us
To earnest prayers and deeds before unknown!
That souls redeemed from many lands may join us,
When Christ brings home his own.

—Selected.

Working Notes.—The program for the twentieth annual session of the Free Baptist Assembly and Summer School at Ocean Park offers many attractions and deserves careful study, preparatory to making a wise selection of meetings to attend, if one cannot attend all. The outline of woman's days will be found on another page. Thursday, Aug. 23, the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union has charge of the day, and a group of bright young workers will be present. Friday, Aug. 24, will be Woman's Suffrage Day, under the auspices of the Maine W. S. A., Mrs. Lucy Hobart-Day, State president, presiding. The afternoon lecture will be given by the president of the National Association, Mrs. Carrie Chapman-Catt of New York, who is "an eloquent speaker, a woman of fine presence and broad culture, with a gift of logic and delivery which has won a host of friends for herself and the cause of suffrage." It is hoped that many women will come from the adjoining towns, for these days, and that several States will be represented. . . . An article in the *Star* entitled "The Summer at Keuka Park" indicates that there, also, the month of August may be spent very happily and profitably. . . . We wish that it were possible to reproduce for HELPER readers much that was said by the missionaries at the Ecumenical Conference about native workers. Those who are directly or indirectly supporting Bible

women, zenana or other teachers, widows or orphans, would be assured that it pays. Our native women workers are going where no one else could go, and as no one else could go, to carry the Gospel into heathen homes, and out from the Orphanage will come many of our future workers. . . . Mrs. Sarah P. Bachelier, lovingly known as "Auntie Bachelier," entered the larger life Monday, May 14, after many years of active service for others. Dr. O. R. Bachelier, in his declining years, and Dr. Mary, exhausted by her long continued work in India, have our heart-felt sympathy and prayers. We are glad that these three could be together, even for the little while, in the New Hampton home. Mrs. Bachelier was born in 1820, and went to India the first time in 1846. She was always a faithful contributor and friend to the MISSIONARY HELPER, and not long ago sent some of the material in regard to native workers in this number. . . . In acknowledging the receipt of money, sent from our mission by Miss H. P. Phillips to the famine district, H. G. Bissell of Ahmednagar writes: "It is not an easy thing to see so much distress and not be able to help. The sum you sent has all been put into garments for the most needy women and young girls. It is little short of a shameful thing to have so many women and girls in these relief camps go on with such very scanty clothing. One could give thousands of garments away in a single half a day and hardly make a beginning in supplying the very neediest. The rainy season will redouble the distress with its damp and cold. The Lord give us all the spirit of sharing with others." . . . Your editor had the privilege of attending the Rowdoin Conference at Litchfield Plains, Me., in June, and of meeting some of the local workers who support Tiperi. It occurred to her that if these women, living in a scattered community, could support a native teacher, it ought to be possible for many a larger auxiliary to support a widow, or an orphan, in addition to what is given for our missionaries. What think you? . . . Mrs. Mary B. Wingate, our well-known writer who is especially introduced this month, has recently removed to Pittsfield, Me. A Californian correspondent writes, "I have been pleased and helped by Mrs. Wingate's poems, and use them in the work of giving a little cheer and sunshine to others." Mrs. Wingate has six hymns in "Sacred Songs, No. 2," and many others have been published in books or upon leaflets. Those qualities of our friend which we would like to emphasize are a quenchless enthusiasm in spite of difficulty or sorrow, the willingness and ability to learn all her life long, and her readiness to use time, talent, and money in helpfulness. . . . Mrs. Wingate's little granddaughter, Mary Dora Clements, was the first member of the Cradle-Roll of Little Light-Bearers of East Corinth. . . . Dr. and Mrs. Lord arrived in San Francisco on May 29. They traveled slowly, visiting all the large cities, and are having a delightful outing. As they return they will visit Yellowstone Park.

SOME OF OUR WELL-KNOWN WRITERS.

II.

MARY B. WINGATE.

BY MAY B. KNEELAND.

WE feel sure that our readers will be glad to know more of the life of one whose acquaintance they have made through these columns and those of the *Morning Star*. She was born in Charleston, Me., Aug. 6, 1845. Her early life was passed on a farm where but few books and papers came in her way. She had a child's natural fondness for stories, but cared little for more solid reading. She remembers thinking out a little poem while lying in a trundle bed, and also of writing some simple verses on her slate. From a child she has had a disposition to rewrite, or revise, poems and hymns, hardly knowing why, only that they did not "sound right, somehow."



MARY B. WINGATE

Her father, Amos Rich, was a sweet singer and often sang the songs contained in "Sacred Melodies," also what were called the "Penny Royal" hymns. This may have had something to do in forming her taste for the work she is now doing. She did not begin to write for the press until about thirty years of age, but would occasionally write for some local event humorous or pathetic verses, thus giving great pleasure to her friends. Her advantages for an education were quite limited, consisting of the district school and two terms at an academy, but she read and studied at home, thus fitting herself for a teacher. She taught for some time in her native State and then in Missouri.

In 1870 she married Eben E. Hebbard of Worcester, Mass. He was a man of superior mind and refined tastes, who helped cultivate his wife's love for poetry by reciting from his favorite authors at their own fireside. He died in 1874, leaving her with one child, Harry Irving Hebbard. This son, in his short life, gave promise of rare talent, and such mental and spiritual strength as this world always needs. He encouraged and aided his mother in her literary work, and

expressed a desire in his last sickness that she would devote herself more and more to her chosen work. He was a student of Bates College, class '95, at the time of his death.

In 1878 she married Ezra K. Wingate, a leading citizen of Corinth, and became a devoted mother to his two children. In 1884 her son Walter was born, making her life indeed a busy one. As her cares and duties increased, her desire to write increased also, and she often felt the "apron strings of duty" drawing one way and inclination another. Finding she could rise above the cares and burdens of life, which often weighed so heavily by writing, it became a source of great comfort to her. When editors and literary people complimented her work, she was encouraged to persevere, and so little by little, amid the numerous duties of wife, mother, and housekeeper, her writing has been done, much of it in the early morning before the family were astir. Pencil and paper were kept close at hand to catch the thoughts constantly flitting through her brain. She is equally at home with prose or poetry, humorous or pathetic, and composes very rapidly, laying the result aside for a few days, then revising for the press.

She became interested in mission work through Mrs. Mary R. Wade, to whom she was introduced, and who immediately asked her to write a paper for the Woman's Missionary Society. It is doubtful if Mrs. Wade knew, at the time, anything about her literary work, as she had written but little, and that under an assumed name. From that time she has never ceased to write for and give toward mission work, and she has been a most generous friend to the W. M. S.

The pleasant acquaintance thus formed proved a very helpful one, and she used often to go to Mrs. Wade's hospitable home in Dover, where, in communion with mother and daughter (editor of this magazine), she would gather fresh inspiration for her work. She sought eagerly for criticism, and received help and encouragement from Pres. Chase of Bates College and Prof. Anthony of Cobb Divinity School; but, feeling that she had no right to the time of such busy people, sorely as she felt her need, she plodded along by herself, without the stimulus such associations would have given her.

In 1894, Mrs. Wingate attended a conference at Northfield, Mass. It was a great thing for her to come in touch with so many persons of note in the literary and religious world, although it proved too stimulating to her ever active brain, and she felt obliged to leave before the close. One thing that has influenced her life ever since was hearing Mr. Sankey sing and feeling that she could write hymns. After her return she sent him a poem. She received a very pleasant letter in reply, saying he was persuaded she would write good hymns and asking her to write him "a simple Gospel hymn, such as Mr. Moody would give out from the platform." A helpful correspondence followed. She then sent

her work to other composers with good success. Her work has been accepted by McGranahan, Stebbins, Towner, Kirkpatrick, Fillmore, Gilmour, and others. Her hymns have been published in perhaps a dozen books, and a large part of them are still in the hands of the publishers. Mr. Sankey has sung "Say Yes to Jesus Now," which she wrote for him, at Northfield. It seems to have called out several others along the same line. Mr. Towner has sung "My 'Other' Lost Sheep," in the Moody meetings in the far West, and says a blessing has seemed to accompany it. "How Beautiful to be with God," was sung at the memorial services for Miss Willard at the National Convention following her death.

Mrs. Wingate has not found hymn writing an easy task. The composers are not only critics themselves but they often employ a professional critic. She has been informed that some of her work has been submitted to Fanny Crosby, the great hymn writer. Instead of discouraging her, this has only served to put her on her mettle and bring out the best that is in her. In one of her hymns sent to Mr. McGranahan, for which he wrote the chorus, he told her one line did not suit him and Miss Crosby had suggested another, but he thought she, Mrs. Wingate, might find something still better, and then accepted her suggestion.

In 1896 Mrs. Wingate began writing for the *Christian Herald*. Her poems have called out many appreciative letters from the editor as well as the readers, and a number have been asked for as hymns. One of the *Herald* readers, who wrote his first tune to one of her poems published in that paper, is developing into a fine composer, as can be seen by the music of "How Beautiful to be with God." He seems very grateful for the encouragement she has given him, and says but for her he might not have persevered.

While she still expects to write hymns occasionally, she thinks of turning her attention more to prose articles and short stories, which are sure to carry some message of hope, an appeal for the right, or a protest against wrong. Her literary work combined with her household duties and the demands of her home church, where she is always ready to take her place as an active Christian woman, go to make up the hours and years of a busy and useful life.

A YOUNG man, who was being examined preparatory to uniting with the church, was asked, "Under whose preaching were you converted?" "Under nobody's preaching," was his reply; "I was converted under my mother's practising."

INSPECT the neighborhood of thy life—every shelf, every nook, of thy abode; and nestling in, quarter thyself in the farthest and most domestic winding of thy snail house.—*Richter*.

THE STORY OF RACHEL DAS.

TOLD BY HERSELF.



RACHEL DAS

DEAR MRS. WHITCOMB :

My thought outran the speed of locomotive, when I read your letter in which you asked me to write about myself. I wished my dear loving mother (Mrs. Smith) were in the next room, so that I could run to her with your kind note, as I used to do often, and ask her what I should write. It is a great pleasure and comfort to think that far beyond the Atlantic there are some friends who care to hear about me, but one feels backward to write about one's self.

However, as you have asked me to write to you about myself and my work, I will try to do as you wish, so far as I can remember.

My parents were high caste Bengalis. They lived in a village north of Midnapore. When my father was a Hindu he worked among his people as a priest, having a number of pupils round him. By the late Dr. James Phillips and Dr. Bachelier, he broke his caste and wanted to embrace Christianity, so he was baptized with his wife in the presence of his people. Being the head man of that place, when he broke his caste and was baptized, people were so angry with him and my mother that they threw stones at them as they came out of the water, and pulled down their houses and set fire to them ; so they were obliged to leave that place and with their two little girls came to Midnapore, and lived in the same compound with Dr. J. Phillips.

Studying the Bible with him he became a preacher, then pastor of the church at Midnapore. While in that place four more daughters were born to them, of whom I am one.

It was necessary that he should change his station, so he was transferred to Santipore in Balasore District, where Mr. and Mrs. Phillips lived. Hardly had they lived a year in that place when he was asked to preach to the Hindus in the adjoining villages. One day, after preaching, as he was returning he was caught by a heavy cyclone and was obliged to take shelter in a hired mud house. As the cyclone was coming on more and more, before he went to bed he asked his servant, who was a Christian, to come and have prayers. They sang a hymn, and read a portion from the Bible. While he was kneeling down and praying, the mud walls fell on him, and he was buried alive. Mother was left a widow at

Santipore with four girls, as two had died before they left Midnapore ; and she is still there with the youngest daughter, who was born after father's death.

After my father's death I was sent to the Orphanage at Jellapore, which was then in charge of Miss Crawford. I was baptized there. Before I had completed my fourteenth year I passed the two government examinations in the vernacular. At this time, after Miss Crawford's death, mother (Mrs. Smith) had charge of the Orphanage. She saw that I had the ability to learn, and as there was no higher examination to pass in this part of the country, in 1886 she and Rev. M. J. Coldren, sharing the expenses, sent me to Calcutta to an English school for Bengali girls. Here I studied the Bible, English, Bengali, painting, drawing and map-drawing ; and won several prizes, and a medal for good conduct.

On the 2d of February, 1893, at the age of nineteen, I passed the university entrance examination ; left Calcutta and came to Balasore, where I have since remained. Up to the last year my work was various, but since mother's death my time is chiefly spent in the school-house. Besides four English classes, I have the general oversight of the lower departments. Altogether there are five departments. There are four teachers besides myself ; one head pundit and three female teachers, former graduates of this school.

Besides the prescribed course of study, the girls have Scripture lessons. I seek by every means to develop and strengthen their Christian character. More and more I feel the need of impressing upon their hearts the necessity of being born again. I thank God that on the whole the conduct of our girls is good, and several give satisfactory evidence of God's Spirit influencing their hearts and lives.

Besides the school work I attend the mother's meeting and a class in the Sunday school, where I am glad to tell the old, old story to the children. My desire is, if it pleases my Heavenly Father, to live and work for him in this mission where my beloved ones have worked.

Yours sincerely,

RACHEL DAS.

Sinclair Orphanage, Balasore, Orissa, India.

AROUND THE WORLD.

THE work of the women of the Methodist Episcopal church has for many years proved their fitness to stand side by side with men in the conference delegation, but the right has been denied them. At the recent session, however, after much discussion, an amendment to change the word "layman" to "lay member," thereby including women delegates beyond controversy, was carried by an overwhelming majority.

Miss Anthony sent a letter to the International Missionary Union, held at Clifton Springs in June, urging the passing of a resolution in favor of woman suffrage. Among other things she wrote: "Your organization having for its especial object the spread of religion throughout the world, and women having in all times and countries done so much to forward this, I feel that it cannot be out of order to ask you to give the weight of your influence in favor of their enfranchisement, which means their power to do still more and better work in all fields than they have ever done."

The situation in China is extremely critical. The lives of missionaries are in peril. Minister Conger is said to be doing all in his power for the protection of American citizens in that country, and the authorities there have promised to protect them. Soldiers from the several countries have gone to the relief of the legations, but if there should be a general uprising, as is feared, the force would be wholly inadequate. Pray for those consecrated men and women who cheerfully went where Christ called, and for the native Christians who have more than once proved their loyalty even unto death.

One who has been traveling in "the heart of Famine Land" wrote to the *Indian Witness*: "I was awakened at daylight, long before I reached Merta Road, by the pathetic cry of poor emaciated creatures who had crawled out of their villages to the railway stations begging for food, and from there on to Bikanir, all day long, it was the same sad bitter cry for bread. Men who were proud of their manly Rajput forms feebly crawling to one's feet for pice; women not old in years but prematurely old with starvation and sorrow; mothers not able to stand, with little skeleton babies; children long since bereft of playfulness and laughter; and on every face depicted a hopelessness, sadness, and gloom indicative of abandonment to the insatiable demands of a cruel necessity. To many of these, Relief Works are no relief. They are too far away; they are loath to leave their homes; but, especially, they are too weak and feeble to work. The very old and the very young and the infirm and sick cannot earn anything on Relief Works. What will they do then? Die."

The *Twentieth Century Quarterly* of recent date is a special number on protection of native races against liquors and opium. It gives ample extracts from several addresses on this subject by missionaries at the Ecumenical Conference, and presents the following "Petition for the Protection of Native Races against Intoxicants and Opium. The undersigned authorize the use of their names on a petition that shall ask the sixteen great nations that in 1892 nobly covenanted to suppress traffic in slaves, opium and spirituous liquors in a defined district of Africa, in protection of native races, to extend that new policy of

civilization, by separate and united action, in such a way as to protect at least the islands and other districts which are inhabited chiefly by similar undeveloped races, especially those that are under Christian government, against intoxicants and opium." (All who are in sympathy with this world-wide crusade will please send a letter authorizing the affixing of their names to this petition to The Reform Bureau, 210 Delaware Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C.)

Who that heard the impassioned appeals of missionaries from many lands is not heartsick over the situation, yet ready to speak with no uncertain sound, with tongue or pen, as occasion offers?

"The cry of myriads as of one,
The voiceless silence of despair
Is eloquent with awful prayer.
Oh, by the love that loved us all,
Wake heart and mind to hear their cry,
Help us to help them lest we die!"

WOMAN'S CONVENTION AT OCEAN PARK.

THURSDAY, AUG. 16.

Under the auspices of the Educational Bureau of Ocean Park.

- 8.00 A. M. Devotional. (C.) Led by Mrs. Eva W. Bryant, Pittsfield, Me.
10.00 Adjourned meeting of the Educational Bureau. (C. H.)
3.00 P. M. An hour with Kipling. (T.) Miss Mary Selden McCobb, Portland.
Miss McCobb is the famous Madame Jarley of "wax-work" fame.
7.30 Illustrated lecture. (T.) An Eclipse in Ainu Land. Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, Amherst, Mass.

FRIDAY, AUG. 17.

- 8.00 A. M. Devotional. (C.) Led by Mrs. Annie P. Tilley, Providence, R. I.
10.00 Adjourned meeting of Executive Board of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society. (C. H.)
3.00 P. M. Social purity. (C.) An address by Mrs. George S. Hunt of Portland, followed by discussion.
7.00-9.00 Reception. (T.) Given to the residents, visitors, and friends, by the Educational Bureau. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

SATURDAY, AUG. 18.








Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society.

- 8.00 A. M. Devotional. (C.) Mrs. A. B. Webber, leader.
10.00 Business session of F. B. W. M. S. Mrs. M. A. Davis, president. (C.)
2.30 P. M. Missionary echoes from the Ecumenical Conference in New York, by delegates and members of the society who have been in attendance. (T.)
(a) Some Features of the Conference. Mrs. Mary A. Davis.
(b) Woman's Work. Miss Laura A. DeMeritte.
(c) A Glimpse of Its Personnel. Mrs. Nellie Wade Whitcomb.
7.30 Address. Topic, Western Work. Mrs. Lou M. P. Durgin. (T.)
Address. Southern work. "Is it Worth While?" Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook, teacher of elocution in Howard University.



from the field.

TIPERI'S STORY.

 (Tiperi is a native teacher at Midnapore. She is supported by the Woman's Missionary Auxiliary of Litchfield Plains, Me.)      

WE lived in a little village in Orissa. We were not Bengalis but Mussulmans. We were six brothers and sisters. I was the fifth, having one brother younger than myself. Before my birth my two older sisters were married. Shortly after the birth of my youngest brother my mother

died. Then my middle sister took my baby brother; and my father, leaving me with my eldest sister, went away somewhere. At that time my sister had a boy and girl of her own, and the boy was about my own age. During this last year this son came to visit me. I had not seen him for more than thirty years.

My sister didn't want to keep me because she was afraid of my mother's ghost, and because of this fear she sent me to my uncle's, my mother's brother's house, and shortly after my father returned and took me to his own house. He had married again and our stepmother soon began to be very cruel to us, but it

did not make so much difference to my two older brothers, for they were old enough to be out of the house a good deal of the time, and then they went to our uncle's and worked there for their food and clothes, but my baby brother and myself were so small we were in the house with the stepmother. We lived in this way for some time, but my father one day got angry with the uncle where my brothers were and took us all off to my younger sister, and leaving us two younger ones there went off somewhere. This sister loved us very much and took great care of us, and for a time we were very happy; but suddenly, one day, my elder brother appeared to take us off to our father. Our sister was very sorry and plead with him to let us stay, but he would not listen and we went back to our stepmother and again had to suffer from her. Then our uncle took us little ones to his house, where my big brother lived, and I loved him very much.

About this time the great Orissa famine began, and our family began to be broken up. When my brother went, I didn't want to stay any longer and ran away. My uncle found and brought me back, but I would not stay and kept running away. One day, when I was in a village with some other children, a man came along and told all who did not have any father or mother to stand by themselves, and I stood with them and he took us away to Balasore. There was an orphanage there in care of Mrs. Miller, and we were given into her charge. She put us in her school and took care of us like her own children till they went to their own country, and then we were given to different ones. We little ones were sent to Miss Crawford. She put us in her school and was like a mother to us. If any of us were ill, she would take us to her own room and take care of us. I think I must have been about five years old when I left my own people, and was with Miss Crawford until I was sixteen. She took great pains with me, teaching me herself, both in my studies and different kinds of work, and it was from her that I first remember hearing about the Saviour. I do not know whether I had been taught of him before or not. I was baptized, too, while with Miss Crawford, but yet I was not truly converted. This knowledge does not come from man alone. We may receive much help from teachings, but until we ourselves give him our heart, and prayerfully study his Word, our spiritual life will not be strong. I received a great deal of instruction, but this knowledge was not mine. Now I do understand, and am becoming rid of my old nature. It is not all good, but I am praying that he will make me all new. Pray for me that I may be a fully, thoroughly good woman. Do not think me too bad; I am only opening my heart to you.

When I was sixteen years old Miss Crawford gave me a school of little children to teach. This was very hard for me, so hard that Miss Crawford took me and the school on her veranda and taught me how to teach. I was in this six

months and then she sent me to a Hindu village six miles away to open a school. In that village there were two Christian families and I lived with one of them. The man in this house was not a good man, and so his children did not receive good instruction ; they behaved like heathen children, and so I did not like staying there. When I went to open the school among the Hindus, one man called me and took me to his house and showed me a good, large room which he said I could use. When I began school I opened it by prayer, although the people of the house were standing around, and when I saw they made no objection, it gave me courage to keep it up every day.

I had thirty-two girls, and they soon learned to be obedient. This was so noticeable that their own folks said to me, " How have you made our children mind you so well? We had a man teacher here last and he beat the children so that the school was broken up in a month, and now you, a woman, have come ; how have you made them mind so well? "

Then I knew that my prayers had been answered and the Lord Jesus had helped me, for I had no such remarkable power to make them mind. The parents were very kind to me, and when they had some new thing in their houses they would send me a share before using themselves.

In this way the school went on for six months and I enjoyed it very much. Miss Crawford used to visit the school once a month and she was greatly pleased with it from the first. I used to go home to Miss Crawford's on Saturday and stay over Sunday and go back Monday. My work was going on in this way when it was broken up in this way : The man at whose house I lived used to run in debt at a store where they sold cloths, and had got so badly in debt that the man used to come now and then to try and collect his dues. He saw me there and told the man of the house if he would give me to him he would not ask him to pay any more on his debt, but would rather give him some money beside. Then the man of the house, one day taking me aside, told me I could live in happiness, and tried to make me understand how much better off I would be if I would listen to him. When I understood what he meant I was very angry, and told his wife and mother what he was trying to do. His wife was not much better than he, but his mother was a good woman and I had been put in her care. For this reason, or some other, when she heard this she scolded her son very much and he struck her. Then I wrote a letter to Miss Crawford and she sent the pastor of our church to look into it. The man denied it all, but the mother told the truth, and when the pastor reported to Miss Crawford, she did not allow me to remain there any longer.

About this time Mrs. Bachelier was wanting a teacher and I was sent to her at Midnapore. This was in 1880, and I have been here twenty years. Four

years after coming to Midnapore I was married, but became a widow in one month and have remained a widow ever since. At the time of my marriage Miss Coombs had taken the work in charge and she was kind to me. At the time of my husband's death I also had fever, and for three months was ill. If Miss Coombs had not taken care of me then I, too, would have died; but I have lived till now and think I must be about forty years old. I have written all out at great pains. Give my love to your society. All those who live with me send love.

TIPERI.

Midnapore, India, March 29.

LETTER FROM A NATIVE WORKER.

[A graduate of the Midnapore Bible school writes to Dr. and Mrs. Bachelor.]

WITH humility our respects are presented. We make known to you that by the mercy of the Lord we are well. We hope you, also, are well. I will tell you something of my work.

In the month of January I went to a place called Ten Villages for work. A great many people were gathered together. The Lord's work went on well. In the market one day three hundred Gospels were sold and five hundred tracts were distributed. The people said they had never heard all these things before. In the month of February I went to a village east of Midnapore, called Seeromoni, to attend a market. There seven or eight hundred people heard the Word of God. In that market two hundred Gospels and two hundred tracts were distributed. During March in Midnapore forty-four Gospels were sold, and two hundred and twenty tracts were distributed.

At the north of Midnapore, in a place called Anandapore, there is a Sheeb temple, and during the month of April many people were gathered together there, about three thousand devotees of Sheeb, and of other people six or seven thousand. Three of us brethren and three sisters went there. We were unable to find any place to stay during the day, and so all day, bearing the heat of the sun, we went about doing the Lord's work (preaching, talking, etc.). While it is true that we suffered inconvenience and physical discomfort, I was very happy. My mind is very happy in the work. You also will be made happy on hearing this good news of the work. Be so good as to pray to God that I may have strength to do his work.

Yours obediently,

That Same GURACHORM DEY.

"As a father in a garden stoops down to kiss a child, the shadow of his body falls upon it. So many of the dark misfortunes of our life are not God going away from us, but our Heavenly Father stooping down to give us the kiss of his infinite and everlasting love."

TREASURER'S NOTES.

THE thank-offering quarter has closed, but it is too early to tell the results. I intend to give them by States, in the MISSIONARY HELPER for August. I wish I could call all the societies and churches by name that have observed the service, but that is impossible. There is one auxiliary, however, which deserves special mention, as the banner society in amount of the thank-offering for three years. It is a little church on the border line between Maine and New Hampshire, but it is full of missionary enthusiasm, as I know by personal experience in visiting it a few weeks ago. The name of the church is the Acton and Milton Mills, and the amount of the offering this year is \$62.

A lady in Nova Scotia has passed along to our society money that she received, in part, from a friend, wishing that it be used for special work. I have suggested either a child in Sinclair Orphanage or the outfit and passage of Miss Shirley Smith. She expects to sail for India in October, and we want all the special gifts possible for this purpose. Vermont is trying to raise its yearly apportionment for a missionary—\$400—and of this amount all over \$200 will be used for her passage. Will not her personal friends in the West, and those who know her in the East through the MISSIONARY HELPER, contribute for this object? We hope to meet her face to face at the annual meeting in Haverhill, and I look for a big collection, at that time, for her passage.

I have recently heard from the Cradle-Roll in Gardiner, Me., which was started by Mrs. George, who is very much interested in the baby department of our work. And, by the way, we have no more "up-to-date" woman in our ranks than the general secretary of the Cradle-Roll—Mrs. Roberts of Rhode Island. Though far from well, her busy brain is always giving out new ideas. Let us pray that God will give her physical strength according to her need, and too, that our long-time, faithful secretary, Mrs. Metcalf, may be speedily restored to health. I ask this very earnestly, as I believe God cares for our bodies.

In a letter from Mrs. Furman of Brooklyn, N. Y., she says: "My boys" (S. S. class) "were delighted with the plan I proposed to them to keep the memory, fresh in our minds, of the first one of our class to be called home; so put us down for \$4 a year towards the children's missionary." We heartily welcome Mrs. Furman's boys to our Roll of Honor. Mrs. Mack of Iowa "has somewhat to say unto me" because the S. S. of Lincoln, Iowa, did not get enrolled last August. But she says it so sweetly that my regret for the oversight is all the greater. It appears in the Roll of Honor in this number of the MISSIONARY HELPER.

Mrs. Harmon of Brunswick, Me., is doing a kind of work worthy of frequent imitation, especially in churches without an auxiliary. She invites every woman

she meets, in her own church of course, to pledge two cents a week, giving them an envelope in which to put the money, on which she has written "woman's work for woman." She urges women to do this whether they are willing to attend the auxiliary meeting or not. One lady remarked, "A postage stamp a week; why, of course I will." Mrs. Allen of New Hampshire has given our society a gold watch, open face, large size, not a stem winder, but a good time-keeper. Does not some one wish to purchase it? Also, Mrs. Anne Dudley Bates donates a solid gold pin to the society, if we can get \$10 for it; for both I solicit correspondence.

People are beginning to ask questions about the History recently issued by the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society. A brief condensed statement about the price may answer some of these queries. The margin of profit of the selling price over the expense is so small that a good many copies must be sold to meet the expenditures, and, should the society ever realize more than what it has paid out, the margin will go into its work. It is an excellent book of reference, meeting a long-felt want, beside being attractive in appearance.

May has been a very busy month for your treasurer, aside from desk duties. A visit to the W. M. S. of the Massachusetts Association found the workers earnestly planning for another year's work, and to the Rhode Island Association found them keenly interested in the Ecumenical Conference, and so good listeners. The thank-offering services which I have attended indicate that the interest in this part of our work is not abating. Of these, best of all, was the one at our Storer College church. It was presided over by Miss Stella James, who gracefully introduced Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Mosher, Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook, and others, who took part in the service. All who heard Mrs. Cook at Ocean Park last summer will be glad to know, that, after some urging, she has consented to visit us again this summer, and to deliver an address before the Woman's Missionary Society, under the auspices of the Educational Bureau, Saturday evening, Aug. 18.

I went to Harper's Ferry for the purpose of attending the annual meeting of the trustees of Storer College. There were twelve members present and we devoted two and one-half days to the work, including two evenings. We discussed, long and earnestly, one of the most perplexing questions which confronts the school at the present time—the color question. Only those who are very familiar with the South can fully appreciate it. We made large plans for the work, including repairs for Lincoln Hall, which are seriously needed, an industrial building, and a permanent fund, which will take practical shape later through committees. We committed our ways unto the Lord in a special prayer service, and believe "He will direct our steps." The anniversary exercises were full of

enthusiasm, and attracted a large number of the old students. Six graduated from the normal department and seven from the domestic science. A trustee, who has not attended an annual meeting of the Board for a long time, expressed great satisfaction at the improvements going on in the school. It has an excellent corps of teachers, with a strong, level-headed man, Prof. McDonald, at their head, and with Mr. Brackett looking carefully after the finances that no debt be incurred. The school is in an excellent condition for an advance movement. I hope Miss Harriet Deering, who accompanied me, will, on Storer day at Ocean Park, give us some of her first impressions of the college. They will be valuable, as she is so well acquainted with college life.

The closing quarter of our financial year has begun. Let us make it the best of all the year.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*

Ocean Park, Me.

REPORT OF THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

THE Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions is over and is pronounced, on every hand, the greatest missionary assembly that has ever been held. It now remains to make its work permanent. That will depend, to a very great degree, on the report of the conference, its character, the extent to which it is circulated, and the manner in which it is used. As to the report itself, it is now in the hands of a special committee who have had large experience and who will employ trained men. The editorial end in view is to omit nothing essential, to admit nothing non-essential. The plan includes three parts: 1. The story of the conference; its inception, organization and conduct, and its place in the history of missions. 2. The contribution of the conference, the papers, addresses, and discussions. 3. Appendices, including the complete program, the organization and roll, a list of missionary societies, a summary of missionary statistics, a carefully prepared bibliography of the best missionary books, and an index.

The report will be published in two volumes of about five hundred pages each; paper, printing, and binding of the best. Originally, the price for the two volumes was fixed at \$2.50, advance subscribers to receive it for \$2. The funds of the conference, however, will cover the cost of putting it on the press, and will thus enable the committee to reduce the price from \$2.50 to \$1.50, and to advance subscribers, from \$2 to \$1 for the two volumes. They will be ready for delivery early in the fall. Subscriptions accompanied by the money may be sent to the Publication Committee, Ecumenical Conference, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York. Checks should be made payable to Edwin M. Bliss, chairman.

"MEN see only what we put in the plate. God knows what we keep back."

Helps for Monthly Meetings.

TOPICS FOR 1900.

January—Review of '99. Outlook.

February—Prayer and Praise.

March—Home Mission Work.

April—Our Corner of India.

May—Thank-Offering.

June—The Children.

July—Some of Our Native Workers.

August—Auxiliary Outing. Missionary Seed-Sowing for Hot Weather.

September—Medical Missions. Our New Missionary.

October—Roll-call and Membership Meeting.

November—Denominational Review.

December—Christian Missions and Social Progress.

AUGUST.—AUXILIARY OUTING. MISSIONARY SEED-SOWING.

"You can labor for the Master as you go,
Plant the precious seed, and he will bid it grow.
Toiling on whate'er betide,
With the Saviour by your side,
You can scatter blessed sunshine as you go."

This out-door meeting may be upon the lawn and veranda of some hospitable member, or may be an excursion to a neighboring beach, lake, or grove. The program should not be long, and should be adapted to the needs of each auxiliary. The following suggestions are given with the hope that the missionary games will be utilized in summer and winter socials, until both young and older workers are familiar with all that they represent. Whenever it is possible, invite not only the men, but the young people and children. Ask a few representative men, such as pastor, lawyer, doctor, deacon, etc., to be prepared to relate some amusing, or otherwise interesting, experience in their own life.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

Singing by the children.

Greeting by the president.

Reading, "Aunt Faith's Bequeathment."

Brief talk, Some things that a Sunshine member can do in the summer.

Singing, "Scatter Sunshine."

Brief stories of personal experience by pastor and others.

Missionary games:

Who Am I?—Each person has the name of a missionary pinned upon his back. He is to find out what missionary he represents by conversing with those he meets. They will talk with him as if he were the missionary whose name he bears, but of course without calling the name. He will do the same for them. When one has guessed who he is, the slip of paper is transferred to the front of

his coat. To vary the game, some may be given more general names to discover, such as a Hindu widow, a native preacher, the MISSIONARY HELPER; but this should be understood beforehand or it will be confusing.

Boston Translated.—The good old game of "Boston" may be given a useful missionary twist. Some one well informed regarding missions will preside over the game, and begin the story. This leader will assign to each player some name connected with the history of missions—either the name of a place or the name of a missionary. When in the course of the story any of these names is introduced, the person bearing it must at once rise and whirl around, on penalty of paying a forfeit. When in the course of the story the leader comes to the word "Calcutta" all the players change seats, and in the confusion the leader also gets a seat. The person left standing goes on with the story.

Missionary Alphabet.—Give each player a piece of paper and a pencil. The game is to make—in five minutes, say—as long a list as possible of missionary stations and missionaries whose names begin with A. After this, pass to the following letters. The persons victorious in the most letters wins the game.

NOTE.—The foregoing games are adapted from Amos R. Wells's delightful "Missionary Manual."

WOMEN AND THE MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

AT Rangoon I attended a service at the chapel of the American mission. Over one thousand adults were present, and the preacher, twenty-two years of age, who had arrived at Rangoon the day before, preached with marvelous fluency. He was a missionary's son. As a child he lived with his father and mother in Burmah, where it was the business of the father to follow the Karens, who were nomads, on their wanderings. Cholera came and the missionary died. It seemed the plain duty of the widow to return to America with her only child, that he might be educated. But the thought came, "If I leave these Karens who is going to look after them?" She saw it to be her duty to let her son go home by himself, while she remained in the jungle to carry on the work. For seven years and a half she toiled, doing herself the full work of a missionary all alone. She preached, baptized, buried the members when they died, administered the sacrament, and saw a great harvest. All the time she prayed, "God save my boy." One day a letter came. He was converted and wrote, "I think I will be a missionary." She replied, "That is what I want; come and take up your father's work." The day before she had welcomed her boy, and now sat hearing him preach. I said to myself, "If ever Christ had a heroine, this is one!"—*Rev. Henry Haigh.*

Practical Christian Living.

Practical Christian living is "to condense and crystallize into the uses of daily life the teachings of Christ."

THE STILL HOUR.

THE UNSPOTTED LIFE.

O THAT mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue may always tie
For ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought may ever rest
Or be conceived within my breast:

That by each deed and word and thought
Glory may to my God be brought!
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye
On thee is fixed; to thee I cry.
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it, too,
For that is more than I can do.

— Thomas Elwood (*The Quaker Friend of John Milton.*) A. D., 1639.

"While traveling in a coal-mine district," says Dr. Cuyler, "I noticed how very dingy the town appeared. The coal-dust seemed to blacken buildings, trees, shrubs—everything. But as a foreman and I were walking near the mines, I noticed a beautiful white flower. Its petals were as pure and fresh-looking as if it were blooming in a daisy field.

"What care the owner of this plant must take of it," said I, "to keep it so free from dust and dirt!

"See here," said the foreman, and taking up a handful of coal-dust, threw it over the flower. It immediately fell off, and left the flower as stainless as before.

"It has an enamel," the foreman explained, "which prevents any dust from clinging to it. I think it must have been created for just such a place."

"What dirty, dreadful, disgusting stuff!" exclaimed a man, regarding that peculiarly unpleasant compound, the mud of London streets.

"Hold, my friend," said Ruskin. "Not so dreadful, after all. What are the elements of this mud? First, there is sand; but when its particles are crystallized according to the law of its nature, what is nicer than clean, white sand? And when that which enters into it is arranged according to a still higher law, we have the matchless opal. What else have we in this mud? Clay. And the materials of clay, when the particles are arranged according to their higher laws, make the brilliant sapphire. What other ingredients enter into the London mud? Soot. And soot in its crystallized perfection forms the diamond. There is but one other—water. And water, when distilled according to the higher law of its nature, forms the dewdrop resting in exquisite perfection in the heart of the rose.

"So in the muddy, lost soul of man is hidden the image of his Creator; and God will do his best to find his opals, his sapphires, his diamonds, and dewdrops."

The Missionary Helper Branch of the International Sunshine Society.

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone—

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in heaven the deed appears,

Pass it on.

THE object of the International Sunshine Society is to scatter as much sunshine as possible into the hearts and homes of all who need its uplifting influence, and especially among those who are shut in, or shut out of the activities of life. Any one desiring to become identified with the society can do so by sending the full name and address, and stating what sunshine act or acts will constitute the membership fee to Mrs. Rivington D. Lord, 232 Keap St., Brooklyn, N. Y., the president of this branch. The I. S. S. pins can be ordered from the president. The German silver pins are five cents; gold and white enamel, fifty cents; sterling silver, fifty cents; solid gold, \$1.25. Any price pin, except the German silver ones, can be ordered either in the stick pin or brooch style.

SUNSHINE WORKERS.

Miss Ruby E. Moulton reports good sunshine work done during the past month. Although her life is a busy one, she finds time to carry good cheer into other lives, especially in one home near her that has been darkened by much sickness, where she has gone like one of God's sunbeams to brighten the clouded lives. The home referred to is that of Mr. and Mrs. Varney of North Parsonsfield, Me. The parents are both ill; also Harold, a fifteen-year-old son, is a shut-in. Harold and Ethel his sister are both members of our branch. The president asks that sunshine in any form be sent to this household; pictures and catalogues will be especially appreciated by Harold.

Sadie Sweat of North Parsonsfield, Me., has recently joined the I. S. S. and is also doing good work, as a letter received tells of her many acts of kindness in carrying flowers, and visiting the sick around her.

Our little sunshiner, Gladys M. Snow, has written asking that her grandmother, Mrs. James Wells of Whitefield, N. H., be enrolled as a member of our sunshine family. Mrs. Wells is a shut-in and a great sufferer. The president suggests that the junior members of the branch write sunny letters to the grandmother of Gladys.

Mrs. Clara A. Ricker will be glad to know that the History of the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, which she gave as her dues, has been appreciated by the members, as it has been in constant use since received, and is now being passed on among the North Parsonsfield members.

So much good cheer has come into the life of Mrs. R. P. Tobey through the sunshine society that she has sent in the names of three to be added to our membership, two during the past month, Mrs. Evelin Tobey, and Mrs. F. A. Lowry, both of Kittery Point, Me.

Joy and sunshine in the form of "books, papers, or anything that will make the heart glad" are being sent into the homes of many shut-ins by Miss Minnie Pearson, a new member of the I. S. S.

Mrs. Bertha A. Blake of West Falmouth, Me., has been enrolled as a member, giving as her dues several bright and practical suggestions for scattering sunshine. Our space permits the printing of only one.

Sunshine for the little folks: "Clippings from *Star*, *Youth's Companion*, and other good papers, the children's pages being cut out, and stories for boys and girls are classified and put into large envelopes, which are marked as follows: Stories for the Tots, Stories for the Boys and Girls, Stories for Boys, Stories for Girls, Cat and Dog Stories, Stories of Birds, and so on; then they are ready to distribute according to the age or needs of the child to whom they are given."

As dues Miss Mary Ashley has given a large number of Sunday-school cards, and story papers, with the wish that "they will help some one."

Mrs. L. A. Barringer has donated a large amount of worsted, that will be made up into sunshine greetings.

AUNT FAITH'S BEQUEATHMENT.

"It's a bequeathment," Aunt Faith wrote, "but I'm going to send it to you before I die. Don't slip it away in a corner, dear—read it through."

Rachel Ainsworthy glanced down at the worn little book in her lap, whimsically. It was thumbed and faded and forlorn, and it looked for all the world like one of Aunt Faith's "heathen" trying to put on airs in blue and gold. The girl touched it gingerly with the tips of her fingers.

"It looks microby," she murmured, "and it smells—it truly does—like a boiled dinner. Ugh!"

She stood up, and let it slide slowly to the floor, and then, with her toe-tips, she "persuaded" it along the soft rug to the closet door.

"There!" she said aloud, with a little laugh, "I didn't slip it into a corner. I left it right in the middle of the closet. How funny Aunt Faith is! How much like her it was to 'bequeath' me that dingy, out-at-elbows little book! I knew it had something to do with her heathen the minute I 'sat' my eyes on it, as Philip says. I suppose it's one she lent round to them."

"Lent round to whom?" a gay voice cried, at the door.

"The heathen, Joyce Anthony. I was talking to myself out loud."

"And I was eavesdropping," Joyce cried, slipping into a chair, with a flurry of dainty skirts. "Now go on—talk to yourself some more. Whose heathen, and where?"

"Aunt Faith's, and I suppose they're right here in our midst."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the visitor, gathering up her draperies in mock alarm. Rachel laughed.

"Oh, they're not under the bed, my dear, or in the clos—yes, I don't know but they are in the closet!"

"Worse and worse," groaned Joyce.

"I've a good mind to look and see," went on Rachel's laughing voice; "but I'm going to put my gloves on before I touch them."

She tossed over the contents of her bureau-drawer, and found a pair of kid gloves. Her face was full of quiet fun as she drew them on.

"Poor Aunt Faith! There, now I'll investigate. I'm proof against microbes!"

And the little book, in its faded finery of blue and gold, was picked up again, and brought out into the sunlight of the beautiful room. The two girls bent over it together.

"It's my latest legacy—'bequeathment,' Aunt Faith calls it," explained Rachel. "Doesn't it smell of onions, Joyce?"

"Some," admitted Joyce, daintily sniffing. "Why, it's a birthday-book, as

sure as I live ; and do look at the writing in it, Ray ! .Look at this place—printing, and as up-hilly and down daley as the Chilkoot Pass ! ”

“ Yes, even Philip can print better than that,” Rachel said thoughtfully. She was making a rapid mental computation of the dates opposite the queer, straggling name. Forty-nine years old ! Then she noticed the name itself.

“ Why, that’s Biddy O’Brien—O’Biddy, Philip calls her. She’s our washer-woman.”

“ Dear me ! ” murmured Joyce. “ What a funny birthday-book ! That’s probably where the cabbage and onion flavor comes from.”

“ Yes—one of the places. I suspect there are plenty more to follow. Turn over a leaf, my dear. ‘ Timothy B. Hickett ’ ; he’s the old man that saws wood. ‘ The See-saw Man,’ Philip calls him. Philip is acquainted with all Aunt Faith’s heathen. He’s quite intimate with the See-saw Man.”

The dingy pages turned slowly. On nearly every one appeared, in queer, crooked characters, the name of somebody who washed or sawed or handled spade and hoe.

“ Looks as if they had it in the other hand while they were writing—the hoe, you know,” Joyce said, a little scornfully. The pages were soiled and rumpled. There were no names of nice folks, the girl was thinking—just work-folks, regular heathen, as Ray had said. Ray’s Aunt Faith was a perfect crank, for a nice person. Oh, yes, she was “ nice folks,” of course, but she certainly had queer friends.

There was one name traced in neat, clear, old-fashioned letters—Hester Ann Peabody’s name. The dates opposite made her sixty-eight years old.

“ That’s Miss Hitty at the Home,” Rachel said. “ She’s a charity boarder, but she used to be rich. Somebody got her to sign some notes, or something. Aunt Faith thinks a good deal of Miss Hitty.”

Joyce Anthony tossed aside the little legacy-book after a few minutes.

“ Oh, let’s talk about nice folks,” she said lightly. “ Tell me about your summer. That’s interesting. I want to know where you’re going.”

“ I’m going to—stay here,” Rachel Ainsworthy said promptly.

“ Why, you don’t mean it, really, Ray ? ”

“ Yes, I do. Philip has to stay to take the treatment at the sanitarium, so we’re all going to stay. You don’t suppose we want to go summering without Philip, do you ? ”

“ No—o,” Joyce admitted. “ They’re all perfectly devoted to that little cripple. I never saw anything like it ! ” she mused, later, on her way home.

“ Dear little Philip ! ” said Rachel. “ I guess the world will stop, ‘ never to go again,’ when we desert him ! ”

She sat a long while in her dainty room, thinking over things. One of the things was Aunt Faith's legacy. It still lay where Joyce had tossed it, on the table. Somehow its weather-beaten little face appealed to her.

"Dear Aunt Faith!" the girl thought. "Nobody else in the created world would ever think of having a birthday-book for the coal man and the washer-woman and the charity boarders at the Home!"

Rachel was smiling, but there were tender little lines in her bright face, meeting and joining paths with the whimsical ones. It was the look that specially belonged to her thoughts of Aunt Faith.

"Now, I wonder what she meant by 'bequeathing' it to me? She meant something—Aunt Faith always does. And she told me to read it through."

Rachel caught up the book, and opened at the first page, turning the next and the next, as she read them swiftly. It did not take long. Many of them were quite empty of the queer, hard-working names. One of the dates caught her attention especially.

"Why, that's to-morrow!" she cried. "O'Biddy's birthday comes to-morrow. It seems so queer. I didn't know such folks ever had birthdays! They don't seem ever to have been born at all, but just to be there, washing clothes and floors and things all the time. Poor O'Biddy, I'm afraid she'll not have many birthday presents. What would they be if she did have them? Let's see; a new scrub-brush, some soap, and a bag of clothespins—"

Rachel's face was grave, but her eyes danced with fun.

Her own birthday had been but a few weeks before, and she had a sudden little remembrance of her dainty gifts—the seventeen white rose-buds, one for each year, the tiny chatelaine watch, and the bonbons. And to-morrow would be O'Biddy's birthday.

"Forty-nine roses, one for each year. I wonder if O'Biddy ever saw forty-nine roses?"

"Ray—Ray!" called Philip's clear little voice, outside the door. The taps of his little crutches sounded along the hall, coming nearer. Rachel sprang to open the door.

"It's a party call," the little voice announced, ceremoniously. "'Cause you had a party up here yesterday, you know—you an' I. The next day after, you go an' make party calls."

"Of course you do!" cried Ray, lifting him, crutches and all, and setting him down in the biggest, softest chair.

"There! How's that for a chair to make a party call in, Philip? Now we'll talk. Guess who I was thinking about when you came?"

"Me," answered Philip, sedately.

"O'Biddy—that's who! It's her birthday to morrow."

"Oh, is it? What are you going to give her for a birthday present, Ray?"

Philip's eyes were regarding his sister's face gravely. There was nothing startling to him about the question—it was other folks whom Philip's questions startled. This time it was Ray.

"I—I hadn't thought of that. I wonder if that was what Aunt Faith meant!" she cried softly. Had it taken wise little Philip to find it out?

"Philip," she said suddenly, "you and I will give O'Biddy a birthday."

"Like folks?" asked Philip, his pale little face flushed with interest.

"Yes, like folks, dear."

"Will there be roses in it, Ray? O Biddy would like roses."

"Yes—oh, yes, roses. We'll carry them to her together, you and I."

(To be concluded.)

A GOOD PRESCRIPTION FOR DAILY USE.

MR. WILLIS BAER, secretary of the National Christian Endeavor Society, recommends the following prescription after testing its value. Mr. Baer says: "God placed a restraining hand upon me one summer and finally I was compelled to take a long vacation. On my return the following prescription was uppermost on my personal mail, having been placed there by some kind friend:"

Don't worry. "Seek peace and pursue it."

Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

Sleep and rest abundantly. "The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman."

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make. "Work like a man; but don't be worked to death."

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Avoid passion and excitement. "A moment's anger may be fatal."

Associate with healthy people. "Health is contagious as well as disease."

Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders. "Trust in the good Lord."

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

DR. GORDON, in *The Twofold Life*, says: "Probably it is the very highest attainment in prayer to gain real and sensible communication from the Lord. How few of us know very much of such experiences! . . . A communion in which something is imparted from God to us, as well as something asked of God by us, should be constantly sought. . . . If we ask submissively and humbly to be directed by the Spirit, we shall be so led."

Words from Home Workers.

THANK-OFFERING NOTES.

MAINE.—*Houlton*. We held our thank-offering service on the evening of May 27, and our offering amounted to about \$12. We sent for an exercise that required Hindu costumes and got a much larger audience by having it. The ladies in our society are much more interested in missions than they were a few years ago. It is easier raising money. The thank-offering meetings are a great educator along this line, especially where there is no auxiliary. *Litchfield Plains*.—We held our thank-offering meeting in connection with the Sunday-morning service, our pastor, Rev. Mr. Wheeler, giving us a very interesting sermon. Mrs. L. E. Shorey, president of the auxiliary, presided. Several young ladies read selections from the *HELPER*, and there were singing and recitations by the children. A map exercise on India, by Mrs. Chase, was very interesting. Two young ladies collected the offerings, which amounted to \$14. *Lewiston*.—There was a good attendance at the thank-offering service of the Woman's Missionary Society connected with the Main St. Free Baptist church, held Thursday evening at the home of Mrs. A. T. Salley, Mountain Avenue, Lewiston. The exercises were diversified with prayers, songs, responsive readings, short addresses, and a collection which amounted to nearly \$23 (Sunday it was augmented to \$27), altogether making a very pleasant evening. *Ocean Park*.—The home of Mrs. Mary R. Wade was bright with flowers on Sunday afternoon, May 27, the occasion of our annual thank-offering. Mrs. Mary A. Davis presided, and gave a very interesting address. "Facts in Contrast" between the missionary work of 1800 and 1900 were brought before us, and Rev. J. B. Davis offered a prayer of thanksgiving for the enlargement of Christ's kingdom and the promise of its ultimate triumph. There were several responsive Scripture readings, Mrs. Buzzell and Mr. Demeritt each sang a solo, Mrs. Demeritt and Mrs. Whitcomb read appropriate poems, and Miss DeMeritte gave an address on "Common Mercies." The offering amounted to about \$29. The spirit of the entire meeting, as well as the texts in the T. O. envelopes, indicated that this was indeed a freewill offering unto the Lord.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Paige Street W. M. S. of Lowell, Mass., held its thank-offering service April 19, and while it was not quite so well attended as we would have liked, it was full of interest. We had the great pleasure of listening to Miss Laura A. DeMeritte which accounts for our being filled with new thoughts and inspirations, she made us see so plainly that to do our best work we must give from love rather than from duty, and all who heard her were surely benefited.

The quartet gave a few selections, and Miss Nellie Joy read "My Mite Box." Our offerings amounted to \$27.82. In the afternoon, before our thank-offering service, Mrs. Nellie Wade Whitcomb talked to the ladies on the women in India from birth to widowhood. She made the picture so plain that we could almost see them, and we realized, as never before, how hard and sad their lives are in that dark land. Miss DeMeritte also gave a talk.

[MRS.] W. H. UPHAM, *Sec.*

NEW YORK.—The Spafford Q. M. met with the Summer Hill church, June 8-10, and the Woman's Missionary Society conducted the service Saturday evening. Only one sister delegate from another church, besides the writer, was present, but we made the best plea we could, and \$10.30 was given for native teacher, \$1 for Carrie Bates Rogers' famine work, one subscription to the HELPER, and two subscriptions for the *Star* three months. We are few but glad to help all we can, and our heart is with the workers at home and over the sea. We know "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

[MRS.] ANNE S. D. BATES.

NOTICE.

MISS LOMA GARWOOD is ready to go to the help of auxiliaries, or those desiring her services as home missionary agent. Address her at Brownsville, Mich.

LUCY SIMMONS, *Sec. Mich. W. M. S.*

WORDS FROM MISSIONARIES.

That land is henceforth my country which most needs the Gospel—*Zinzen-dorf.*

Prayer and pains through faith in Jesus Christ will do anything.—*Eliot.*

A true missionary never knows defeat.—*Fulton.*

Give until you feel it, and then give until you don't feel it.—*Mary Lyon.*

I will go to Japan, if you who remain at home will hold the ropes.—*Woodworth.*

The prospect is as bright as the promise of God.—*Judson.*

If I had a thousand lives to live, Africa should have them all.—*Mackenzie.*

My parish is the whole world.—*Zinzendorf.*

If you want to serve your race go where no one else will go and do what no one else will do.—*Mary Lyon.*

Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel.—*Paul.*

Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.—*Jesus.*

Missionaries to a barbarous people deserve a vote of thanks from the commercial world.—*Selected.*

Our Juniors.

*"When every little hand
Shall sow the Gospel seed,
And every little heart
Shall pray for those in need,*

*"When every little life
Such fair, bright record shows,
Then shall the desert bud
And blossom like the rose."*

SOMETHING FOR THE JUNIORS TO DO.

BY HELEN M. PHILLIPS.

THE problem of ventilation in the school-room has often been a perplexing one in America. When father built the school-house in Santipore, he solved it by the very simple method of leaving out the walls; the school-room consisting of a finely polished concrete floor on which, without chairs or benches, the children sit, protected from the rain and sun by a well-made thatched roof supported on brick pillars. It always had an airy, open, pleasant look, but nothing of value could be kept in it; too often not even the children themselves, for the walls being all doors they had no need to wait for permission, but could scud out anywhere they chose the moment the master's eyes were turned.

So while we could not keep what we wanted, we often got more than we bargained for. Cattle, sheep, or goats would stray in for shelter where the thorns of the hedge were loose, or if a sudden heavy wind blew it over in its weakest places.

But I never realized quite the evils of a school-house without walls and locks and keys till I attempted a kindergarten. What should I do with all the playthings, the pictures, and so forth, without which a kindergarten was an impossibility?

I waited till the house was in need of a new thatch, then took off the roof entirely, as many new timbers were needed, raised the pillars eighteen inches, enclosed the rooms with walls in which I left the largest possible windows for light and ventilation. These windows are simply wooden frames set in the walls, filled in with rods of bolting iron, four inches apart. Always open to light and air, always closed to intruders. "But it must look like a jail." Perhaps it might to you, but our children have never seen a jail and it suggests nothing unpleasant to them. The house is nearly finished. The children are delighted with it. It will be a beautiful place for my little brownies to work and to play. There will be very little school furniture needed. A table and chair for each

teacher, and date leaf mats for the children ; beside these, of course our maps, globe, school library, etc.

We are planning for wall decorations. There are six large pillars, which are to be named Europe, Asia, Africa, North America, South America, and Australia, with plenty of room for the islands of the seas. Each pillar is to be decorated with pictures representing scenes from the country for which it is named. You remember our children see few really instructive pictures. Their text-books are very cheaply made, the illustrations often look like little more than a blot of ink, they are so indistinct ; and they have no picture books at home. The consequence is that objects which through pictures have become familiar to all children at home are quite foreign to them. I have saved pictures which will make a good beginning in this wall decoration, but I want some help. In their text-books they read of Napoleon, Peter the Great, Isaac Newton, George Washington, James Garfield, and many other illustrious men. They read of the countries in which they lived, studying their geography, and having an occasional lesson on their history. The pictures will be a great help in understanding these lessons and fixing them in mind.

So here is some work for the Junior C. E's. Suppose you have a picture social. Bring in pictures which represent facts of any kind in connection with any country. Pictures of costumes, houses, animals, methods of cultivating the soil, etc. I am sure there are scores of them going to waste about your homes, in old railroad advertisements, magazines, and newspapers. Cut them out neatly, leaving the name attached always. If the name is separated from the picture cut it out and paste it on, or write the name on the back unless it is the picture of a familiar object. Look out for pictures from which a good story may be told, and sometimes send the story, if it is short and can be adapted, but avoid sending extra and useless paper. Remember that good pictures, i. e., clear, well printed ones, the meaning of which cannot be mistaken, are what we want, colored or otherwise.

Santipore, India.

"It's too bad," said little Bessie, "that there isn't another little Peters boy." "They have six," said her mother ; "I should consider that about enough." "Well," said the little girl, "they can all take each other's clothes as they grow up, but there isn't any one to take little Johnnie's, and it seems kind of wasteful."

A POOR farmer in the north of India said one day to a missionary, "I believe in Christ and his religion, for it must be the true religion which makes you great and learned people so kind to the poor and the sick."

ROLL OF HONOR.

Shares in the salary of the children's missionary, Miss Emilie Barnes, at \$4 per share.

Ill., Campbell Hill, Children's Mission Band	2 shares
Me., Lewiston, Junior A. F. C. E., Main St. ch.	4 shares
Me., Greene, two Primary classes, F. B. S. S.	1 share
Mich., Kingston, "Emilie Barnes Mission Band"	1 share
N. H., Gonic, Junior A. F. C. E.	1 share
Me., North Lebanon, "Willing Workers"	1 share
Mich., Manton, F. B. Mission Band	1 share
Mich., Highland, Juvenile Mission Band	1 share
Mass., Melrose Highlands, Junior A. C. F.	1 share
N. H., Rochester, Junior A. C. F.	4 shares
N. Y., Poland, Junior C. E.	1 share
Me., Portland, Junior Endeavor Band, 1st F. B. church	2 shares
Me., Brunswick, First F. B. S. S.	1 share
N. H., Alton, Junior A. C. F.	2 shares
Me., Lewiston, Primary Dept. Pine St. S. S.	1 share
S. D., Valley Springs Mission Band	1 share
N. H., Milton, Junior A. C. F.	2 shares
Me., Dover and Foxcroft, Junior A. C. F.	1 share
Pa., Keeneyville, Children's Mission Band	1 share
N. H., Laconia, Junior C. E., First F. B. ch.	1 share
N. H., Concord, Curtis Memorial ch., Junior Dept.	1 share
N. H., Hampton, "Pearl Seekers"	2 shares
Me., Island Falls, F. B. S. S. class No. 5	1 share
Mich., Mason, "Willing Workers"	1 share
N. H., Lakeport, Junior C. E., Park St. ch.	1 share
Minn., Nashville Center, Mission Band	1 share
Iowa, Waubeek, Junior A. C. F.	1 share
Minn., Huntley S. S.	2 shares
Kan., Union Valley, Children's Day	1 share
Me., West Bowdoin, children	1 share
Mich., Davison, Junior C. E.	1 share
R. I., Olneyville, Primary Dept. S. S.	1 share
N. H., Epsom, Primary S. S. class	1 share
Me., Lisbon, Juniors	1 share
N. H., Franklin Falls, Junior class in F. B. S. S.	1 share
N. H., Franconia, S. S.	1 share
Ohio, Marion, S. S.	1 share
N. H., New Hampton, Junior C. E.	2 shares
Minn., Winnebago City, F. B. S. S.	1 share
Me., West Falmouth, "Helping Hands"	1 share
Iowa, Spencer S. S.	1 share
N. H., Dover, Intermediate Dept. in Washington St. F. B. S. S.	1 share
N. Y., Elmira, Junior C. E. of First F. B. church	1 share
Mich., Watertown, Mission Band	1 share
Mich., Gobleville, Junior A. C. F.	1 share
Me., Ocean Park, Nellie Wade Whitcomb	1 share
N. H., Center Sandwich, Junior Mission Band	1 share
Mass., Lawrence, Junior A. C. F. of First F. B. church	1 share
Minn., Money Creek, S. S. of F. B. church	1 share

Me., Brunswick, Junior S. S. class of First F. B. church	1 share
Ind., Prairie, F. B. Christian Band	1 share
Me., Chesterville, Union S. S.	1 share
Mass., Lowell, Primary Dept. of Paige St. S. S.	1 share
N. B., St. John West, Junior C. E. of F. B. ch.	1 share
Pa., Lawsville Center, Junior Mission Band	3 shares
Me., Limerick, Children's Mission Band	1 share
Ill., Chicago, Y. P. S. C. E. of F. B. ch.	2 shares
Mass., Lowell, Junior Society Paige St. F. B. ch.	1 share
N. S., Barrington Temple, F. B. Junior C. E.	2 shares
Mich., Hillsdale, A. C. F.	1 share
Me., Bowdoinham Ridge, S. S.	1 share
Wis., Rosendale Center, F. B. S. S.	1 share
N. Y., Fairport, "Willing Workers"	1 share
Pa., Holliday, Mission Band	1 share
Mich., Litchfield, F. B. S. S.	1 share
Mass., Cambridge, F. B. Juniors	1 share
Me., South Portland, Junior C. E.	1 share
Ind., Ridgeville, Junior C. E.	1 share
Ill., Kingston, Junior C. E.	1 share
Mich., Onsted, Miss Ruth Daniels	1 share
Mich., Temperance class No. 6	1 share
Mich., Kinderhook, S. S. class	1 share
Me., North Berwick, Junior C. E. 2d church	2 shares
Me., Sabattus, Junior Society	1 share
N. H., Contoocook, F. B. S. S.	1 share
Vt., East Randolph, Junior C. E.	1 share
Mass., Lynn, C. E.	1 share
Iowa, Lincoln, S. S.	1 share
N. Y., Brooklyn, First F. B. church, Mrs. Furman's class, in memory of Emmet Johnston .	1 share
N. Y., Prospect and Junior C. E. of F. B. church	1 share

SCRIPTURE OUTLINES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"OUR FATHER."

1. What does a good father do for his children?
 - Feeds. (John 6 : 32.)
 - Clothes. (Isa. 61 : 10.)
 - Sympathizes with. (Ps. 103 : 13.)
 - Corrects. (Heb. 12 : 6.)
 - Loves. (1 John 3 : 1.)
 - Gives gifts. (Jas. 1 : 17 ; John 3 : 16.)
2. What should children give to their fathers?
 - Love. (Matt. 22 : 37.)
 - Obedience. (1 John 5 : 3.)
 - Service. (Luke 2 : 49 ; Matt. 21 : 28.)
 - Honor. (Ps. 71 : 8 ; Matt. 5 : 16.)

3. What does our Heavenly Father promise to his children?
Gal. 4 : 7 ; John 14 : 2, 3 ; Rom. 8 : 32.
4. Who are God's children?
John 1 : 12 ; Gal. 3 : 26.
5. What are all the rest?
Matt. 13 : 38.
6. Will you let God make you his child?—*From Children's Meetings.*

Contributions.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for May, 1900.

MAINE.

Augusta aux. \$5 for Miss Coombs \$10 for Radhi \$5 for Ind. Bldg. Storer College and to complete L. M. of Mrs. Olive Penney . . .	\$20.00
Bangor Mrs. J. J. Banks \$1 dues \$1 T. O. . .	2.00
Bath North St. ch. aux. and Jun. C. E. for Hemlotte . . .	25.00
Bean's Corner Mrs. A. D. Taylor T. O. . .	1.00
Bowdoinham aux. for Miss Coombs . . .	2.00
Brunswick 1st ch. aux. for Miss Coombs . .	10.00
Canton F. B. ch. T. O. . .	3.57
Dedham Mrs. Nancy E. Burrill T. O. . .	1.00
Dover Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cummings T. O. .	2.00
Dover ch. T. O. . .	6.50
E. Livermore W. M. S. dues . . .	3.26
E. Livermore W. M. S. for Miss Coombs T. O. and L. M. of Mrs. M. J. Record . .	6.52
E. Dixfield ch. T. O. . .	4.40
E. Waterboro ch. T. O. . .	4.15
Farmington Q. M. for support of Kherod . .	3.00
Gardiner Cradle-Roll . . .	3.00
Georgetown 1st F. B. ch. aux. \$13.75 of which is T. O. . .	24.75
Hollis aux. Mrs. Sadie Smith for F. M. and L. M. in Gen. Soc. . .	10.00
Lewiston Pine St. ch. Mrs. H. M. S. Earle . .	.82
Lewiston Main St. ch. aux. for Miss Coombs .	17.00
Limerick Mrs. R. L. Howard T. O. . .	1.00
Litchfield Plains aux. for support of Tiperi .	13.00
Lyman ch. T. O. . .	2.33
Madison Vil. ch. for Poma . . .	6.50
Milo ch. T. O. . .	12.50
New Gloucester C. E. T. O. . .	3.20
New Portland 1st ch. aux. . .	2.00
New Portland 2d ch. aux. . .	3.50
No. Anson ch. aux. 1-2 for Miss Coombs 1-2 for Storer College . . .	5.00
Ocean Park a friend for Ramabai's famine widows . . .	5.00
Ocean Park T. O. service of which \$5 is special for famine and not included in the regular T. O. . .	25.56
Portland aux. \$16.50 Gen. work \$10 for Miss Baker \$7.38 of which completes L. M. of Mrs. Kilborn \$3 completes Mrs. Bolton's and \$3.42 is on L. M. of Mrs. N. W. Littlefield	26.80
Portland 1st ch. Dorcas Smith Mem. Circle King's Daughters for Widows' Home . .	10.00
Saco aux. \$17.90 for orphan child Lydia Durgin and \$2.65 for Miss Coombs \$16.05 of which is T. O. . .	20.55

Steep Falls aux. \$7 support Mary Wingate in S. O. \$4 for Storer College (\$10 of same being T. O.) . . .	\$11.00
W. Falmouth Helping Hands for Miss Barnes .	3.00
W. Falmouth aux. T. O. . .	17.65
Woolwich and Wiscasset ch. . .	1.00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Center Sandwich aux. for Miss Butts and Ind. Dept. . . .	5.50
Danville aux. . . .	6.00
Epsom T. O. . . .	23.32
Franklin Falls of which \$11 is T. O. . .	14.00
Laconia aux. of which \$38.77 is T. O. and for L. M. of Mrs. Ethel P. Dinsmore and Miss Della Green . . .	40.30
Lakeport aux. . . .	5.00
Loudon Center aux. . . .	20.00
Manchester Ellen C. Hurd . . .	1.00
Manchester ch. a friend \$2 for W. Home \$2 S. O. and \$1 F. M. . .	5.00
Meredith Center 1-2 for Miss Butts 1-2 Gen. Fund \$8.01 of which is T. O. . .	10.76
New Hampton Mrs. Abbie Keniston for W. H. . . .	2.00
Newmarket aux. Mrs. S. A. Smith \$1 Mrs. S. A. Kelsey \$1 . . .	2.00
Northworth aux. . . .	6.00
Somersworth aux. T. O. \$5 of which is for Miss Baker . . .	20.00
Warner Mrs. Leonard Stewart . . .	1.00

VERMONT.

No. Danville aux. for Miss Shirley Smith (\$5.80 T. O.) . . .	6.80
St. Johnsbury juniors T. O. for Miss Barnes .	2.10
St. Johnsbury aux. for Miss Smith (\$15.15 T. O.) . . .	16.15
Sutton aux. for Miss Smith . . .	10.00
So. Stratford aux. for Miss Smith . . .	5.00
Woodstock Mrs. Mary B. Hayes T. O. . .	1.00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Cambridge aux. . . .	12.09
Lowell Paige St. ch. aux. (\$5 of same for Dom. Sci. Dept. Storer College) . . .	32.82
Lowell Chelmsford St. ch. aux. for native teacher . . .	6.25
Lynn C. E. for Miss Barnes . . .	4.00
Somerville aux. T. O. . .	26.00
Wilbraham Irene Davis Cradle-Roll mem. .15 T. O. .3853

W. M. S. of Massachusetts Asso. for Ind.
Dept. Storer College \$10.00

RHODE ISLAND.

Arlington aux. for Hattie Phillips 4.00
Arlington aux. for Ind. Dept. T. O. 10.00
Arlington aux. for Miss Phillips T. O. 6.50
Auburn ch. for Miss Phillips 3.00
Blackstone aux. for Miss Phillips 3.75
Carolina aux. T. O. for Ind. Dept. 5.00
Mercy A. Atwood orphan's support 12.50
Chepachet ch. for Ind. Dept. 1.75
Chepachet Mrs. R. D. Frost T. O. 1.00
Chepachet Harold I. Frost for Miss Barnes 1.00
Greenville aux. for Miss Phillips 5.00
Greenville aux. for Ind. Dept. 5.00
No. Scituate aux. for Miss Phillips 2.50
Olneyville aux. T. O. for Ind. Dept. 15.80
Olneyville S. S. Prin. Dept. birthday offering
for Miss Barnes 4.00
Pascoag aux. for Ind. Dept. 13.00
Pascoag aux. for Miss Phillips 7.00
Pascoag aux. for Miss Phillips T. O. 3.00
Providence Park St. aux. for Miss Phillips 8.00
Providence Park St. aux. for Ind. Dept. 2.00
Providence Elmwood Ave. T. O. for Miss
Phillips 10.00
Providence Elmwood Ave. T. O. for Ind.
Dept. 18.36
Providence Roger Williams aux. for Miss
Phillips 15.00
Providence Roger Williams aux. for Ind.
Dept. 33.70
Taunton aux. for Ind. Dept. 4.00
Taunton aux. for Miss Phillips 5.00
Warwick Central aux. for Miss Phillips 3.00

NEW YORK.

W. Oneonta aux. for Pulmoni 10.00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Pageville aux. F. M. 10.00

WEST VIRGINIA.

Harper's Ferry Curtis Memorial ch. T. O. 14.50

MICHIGAN.

Batavia aux. for Dr. Mary Bachelor 5.00
Calhoun and No. Branch for Dr. Mary
Bachelor 1.87
Columbiaville aux. \$1 Dr. Mary Bachelor \$1
H. M. .56 Storer College 2.56
Cook's Prairie aux. for Dr. Mary Bachelor 4.00
Davison aux. for Dr. Mary Bachelor .50 H. M.
.50 Storer College .40 2.00
Elsie aux. for Dr. Mary Bachelor 1.50
Fenville aux. for Dr. Mary Bachelor \$1.95
H. M. \$1.95 3.90
Gilford aux. \$1 Mary Bachelor \$1 H. M. .50
Storer College 2.50
Gobleville aux. \$2.50 for Mary Bachelor \$2.50
Storer College 5.00
Goodrich aux. .50 for Mary Bachelor .25 H. M.
.25 Storer College 1.00
Green Oak aux. .50 for Mary Bachelor .50
H. M. 1.00
Highland Miss. Band for Miss Barnes 4.00
Hillsdale Q. M. \$48.72 for Mary Bachelor
\$3.64 H. M. 52.36

Hillsdale aux. (\$13.90 T. O.) \$26.90
Kinderhook aux. for Mary Bachelor 5.00
Litchfield aux. \$1.50 for Mary Bachelor \$1.50
H. M. 3.00
Manchester aux. for Bible woman 6.25
No. Reading aux. for Mary Bachelor and on
L. M. of Mrs. Addie Balcom 15.00
Onsted T. O. 7.90
Ortonville aux. \$1.46 for Mary Bachelor \$1.46
H. M. \$1.48 Storer College 4.40
West Oshtemo aux. \$3 for Mary Bachelor \$2
for H. M. 5.00
A friend of missions50

INDIANA.

Badger S. S. Prin. and Intermediate classes
for Miss Barnes 75

ILLINOIS.

Lebanon Q. M. for famine widows in W. H. 5.00
Percy W. M. S. F. F. 5.00

MISSOURI.

Keytesville M. H. Hunter F. M. 2.00

IOWA.

Cedar Valley Q. M. W. M. S. for Miss Scott , 17.63
Lincoln aux. for Miss Scott 7.00
Little Cedar aux. for Miss Scott 4.12
Oelwein juniors for child in S. O. 10.00
Orchard Geo. Mack .50 Mrs. Mack .50 Wm.
Covey \$1 F. F. 2.00
Spencer W. M. S. T. O. for Miss Scott 28.33
Spencer juniors for Storer College 5.00
Spencer S. S. for Miss Barnes 2.15
Wilton a friend of the work F. F. T. O. 2.00

MINNESOTA.

Brainard W. M. S. H. M. 13.00
Champlin aux. F. M. 5.30
Delavan W. M. S. 13.50
Minneapolis Mrs. H. Ingham for Ramabai's
famine widows 6.00
Nashville Center W. M. S. (\$10 T. O.) 27.00
Winnebago City W. M. S. \$5 F. M. \$5 H. M. 10.00

CALIFORNIA.

Santa Ana Miss C. E. Leavitt T. O. for zenana
work 5.00

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Valley Springs Miss. Band for Miss Barnes
\$4 Valley Springs aux. for teacher's salary
\$9 13.00

NOVA SCOTIA.

Tusket Mrs. A. K. Blouvelt and friend for
S. O. or Miss Smith's passage 30.00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Income of working capital for incidental fund 10.01

Total \$1238.98

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.

Ocean Park, Me.

per EDVTH R. PORTER, Asst. Treas.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I GIVE and bequeath the sum of ——— to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, a
corporation of the state of Maine.

